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QUICKSANDS OF "DE CHELLY"

By George T. Cole

Courtesy of Kingore Galleries

"EL CAPITAN"

By George T. Cole

Courtesy of Kingore Galleries

GEORGE TOWNSEND COLE

A PAINTER OF THE SOUTHWEST

GEORGE TOWNSEND COLE, the Los Angeles painter, recently the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Danburg of the New Mexico Archaeological Society at Santa Fe, will return in the summer and expects to remain until fall. He had previously visited Santa Fe and had become enamored of its attractions for the artist and felt himself drawn to the ancient city. Though best known as a painter of landscape of the Southwest, he is a cosmopolite whose urge has taken him into many out-of-the-way places of other Continents. Royal Cortissoz, the art critic of the New York Tribune, recently wrote as follows of his work:

When Mr. Francis McComas brought to this city his paintings of the Arizona desert we were struck by the rare freshness of his impressions. It seemed unlikely that anybody else might soon turn up with similarly unconventional studies of the same subject. But the unexpected has happened. Mr. George Townsend Cole, of Los Angeles, has at the Kingore galleries about a dozen Arizona compositions. Their merit lies largely in their newness, their personal registration of picturesque motives. It is interesting to observe, in the first place, the freedom of his pictures from sun or color glare. He has some reds to report, it is true, which are plangent, to say the least, but he contrives to keep them in hand. Discretion goes with his technical adroitness. The rocky formations he has to delineate are as eccentric as they are grandiose; the color out there, we gather, is forcible to the point of violence, yet he can paint a picture like the "1200 Feet of El Capitan" in really restrained keys of green and blue and extort a kind of majestic serenity from the primeval scene. Though the geological eccentricities aforesaid are dominating Mr. Cole knows when to subord nate them to the sense of vast stillness and space which does so much to stir the imagination in desert scenes. This is another way of saying that he really vitalizes his subject, like Mr. McComas, bringing the desert home to us. His pictures are moving interpretations of its sinister but beautiful strangeness and immensity.

Mr.Cole is still a young man. He is truly western without affectation, frank, almost boyish in his enthusiasms, and withal polished, erudite citizen of the world. Helen Comstock reeently wrote as follows in The International Studio, the article being given the leading place in the issue of the magazine aad beautifully illustrated with reproductions including the frontispice in colors of Cole's paintings of the Arizona Desert:

To those who know the northern part of Arizona the paintings of George Townsend Cole are like the face of old friends, while they give to those who have never seen this part of the desert a feeling of intimacy rivaling that of actual experience. In these pictures the double ability of the artist is preeminently manifest. Part of this ability makes his painting informative, physiographically, and the other and greater part expresses the selective judgment and creative imagination of the painter by which art is lifted above the plane of the photographic.

George Townsend Cole is a native of California. His father, Cornelius Cole, who is still enjoying life in his hundredth year, went west with the "forty-niners" soon after his graduation from Wesleyan

College in 1847, and was senator from California when Lincoln was president. He sat on the platform when the Gettysburg address was delivered, and he saw Lincoln only a few hours before he was shot. When the purchase of Alaska was under discussion Senator Cole suggested the means for handling some of the financial difficulties of the situation. Needless to say he is the oldest former United States Senator.

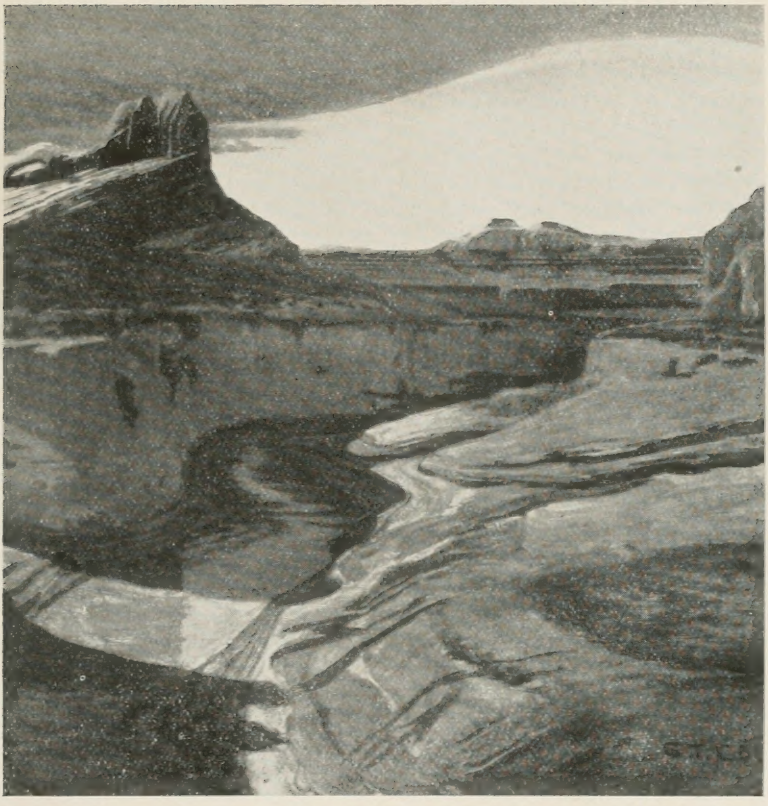
In America it is frequently only one generation from the pioneer to the artist. The leisure necessary to art is won with remarkable speed. George Townsend Cole is the youngest member of the pioneer's family. He grew up in an intensely western background, though because of his father's intimate connections with the East it was no means sectional in a restricted sense. Yet he did not come East to study art but went directly to Paris to the Beaux Arts. That was in the late nineties. He spent two years in Paris and three more in the Academy of Art in Vienna. When he returned to this country he went back to the coast to work. His home now is in Hollywood.

The result has been while Cole is known in the West the East did not have an opportunity to become familiar with his paintings until his recent exhibition in New York. This is a reminder that the barrier of distance has not yet surrendered to the ever increasing speed of communication. Painters in one section of the country become well known in their own locality while they are simply names to another. And yet, artists, of all people, should be citizens of the nation rather than any one part of it.

The country that Cole has painted is one of intense and powerful beauty, remote and inaccessible, lying in the upper part of Arizona, and including the Chin Lee Valley, the Canon de Chelly and the Painted Desert, where the Colorado river twists its way westward before its downward drop to the sea. Many artists have made the southern part of Arizona and also New Mexico familiar to us —Groll, Remington, Ufer, and the Taos Society of Artists, but this particular region has not yet attracted so many painters as other parts of the desert. James Swinnerton went there before Cole did, but he was more interested in the Indians than the country, while Cole has centered his attention on the landscape itself.

Northern Arizona is a land of glorious color and majestic rock formations, a land where the unbelievable is ever present and where the unusual happens with startling frequency. Rivers flow along for miles and then suddenly disappear beneath the surface and pursue their courses underground. The clay and shale and sandstone of the Painted Desert are not only red and brown but purple, blue, yellow and white. Wind and water have wrought violently and persistently over the face of the mesas and have carved the towering cliffs so that that land has become one of dramatic beauty. The very character of the place changes with the hours of the day, so that the mountain that seems a mass of purple immobility against the sunset has a pale and wavering opalescence in the early morning which makes it seem about to dissolve and float away.

To paint such a country is an adventure. Not only does it tempt an artist to put upon his canvas its vastness, its stately grandeur and the fine delicacy of its horizons, but the journey itself is alluring to those who are able to cope with the desert. It is one thing to paint the desert from an artist's colony, or perhaps to make short expeditions into the surrounding country, but it is a different thing to exist alone for weeks in a region of so few inhabitants and so many dangers as Cole choose to paint. He would be the last one to speak of his journeys there as anything out of the ordinary, for to one who was raised on a ranch it was all a matter of course. He felt that it was simply a matter of good fortune that he should be so thoroughly at home in the desert, for it enabled him to do some authoritative work there. He did not



IN THE NAVAJO COUNTRY

By George T. Cole

Courtesy of Kingore Galleries

make sketches to be finished later in his studio, but completed each picture while he sat before his subject.

Cole uses a medium which requires that he work with great rapidity and accuracy. He paints in gouache on canvas, a rare and seldom used combination, since not many painters even know how to prepare a canvas for gouache. It was during his student days in Europe that one of his masters told him of this technique. He was working in tempera at the time, but found that gouache used on canvas had a greater depth of tone than tempera, and was more luminous, yet was equally smooth and clear. However, it is a medium of exacting requirements, and long experience with oil is a prerequisitive to its handling For one thing it demands a well trained hand and the power over line which shall express finality in the first stroke. There can be no working over or retouching. But because of this it is possible to attain with it great clarity of line and precision of form. This fits it admirably to the paint-

ing of a country whose characteristics are its clear cut outlines and the gigantic bulk of its rock forms.

One of the reasons of the satisfying truthfulness of Cole's paintings is the harmony between medium and subject. It makes it possible for him to reveal the manner of which the limpid clarity of the atmosphere preserves the finest details of each sharply weathered rock and gives to the distant horizon an almost equal definiteness with objects close at hand. The problem of suggesting distance presents itself, of course, to all artists, but particularly to the painter of the desert. The clear desert atmosphere puts great difficulty in his path. When distant things are seen so clearly as the desert presents them, it is very hard to make them seem far away in a picture. The old methods of presenting "aerial perspective" are useless, for the desert does not hide its horizons; it presents them in minute detail, and defies the painter to do justice to their amazing definiteness of form and at the same time create the illusion of distance. It is in handling this particular problem without sacrificing clarity that Cole attains his greatest success. There is a fine example in his "El Capitan" here reproduced, for the space between the two rocks is made all the more difficult to suggest because the one in the background being much larger than the other, seems the same size because so far away.

It was during the rainy season in August and September that these pictures were painted. At that time the rain-washed rock blossom into their full beauty of color. It is, then too, that the finest cloud effects are seen. There are times when the clouds seem not less monumental than the rocks themselves. In his "Towers de Chelly" the billowing, gleaming forms rear a second battlement in the sky, and in "Abandoned Stronghold" lone streamers of white appear back of the piled up clouds in one of these rare and beautiful combinations which only the desert at this season can give. In "Shadows of the Sagie" a gray curtain of cloud is partially lifted before a sweep of greenish blue sky of almost unearthly purity and radiance. The water is a deep blue, and red brown banks rise abruptly on either side. The light falling across the water and the curve of the cloud above it give to this picture an unusual beauty of composition.

"Quicksands Canon de Chelly" embodies particularly the qualities of clarity and definiteness spoken of before. Of all Cole's pictures this is the most striking in its sharp definitions. The sweeping curve of the quicksands, the sharp turns in the river, the silhouette of the rocks, the rolling clouds— in all of these line becomes particularly eloquent. Further, the picture has a purity of tone and radiance of hue which complete the striking effect whose foundation is clarity of line. The edges of the clouds seem fairly to gleam, the smooth sands are pale startlingly so, and the rocks offer their deep tone reds and browns by way of contrast. It is not because many colors, nor particularly bright ones, are employed that the picture is so dramatic in its effect, but rather because of the most unusual quality of its tone.

It is noteworthy that Cole has preferred to paint the landscape itself rather than the inhabitants of the country. Many artists have found the Indians more interesting subjects. Cole camped near them frequently and saw them with their flocks—a quiet race, mindful of their own affairs, who were accustomed to go to bed at seven o'clock and leave the painter in a silence unbroken save for the occasional crumbling of some claybank. Of the two subjects before him, the Indians and the desert, the artist, though originally a figure painter, chose the latter, being deeply impressed by its solemn grandeur and beauty of form. In only one of his pictures does any kind of figure appear, "Towers de Chelly," and they are so insignificant as to have no other effect than to emphasize the puniness of man.

Cole says that there are more reasons why this part of Arizona appeals to him more than any other portion of our west-

ern desert. Its unusual beauty makes a constant appeal to his imagination. Its skyline presents a constantly changing arrangement of lines, due to its buttes,its canons and its low lying clouds. There is greater brilliance of color here—even the trees when they appear being more intensely green than in the southern part of the state. But what he speaks of as being the greatest fascination of this region is its unity and harmony. Here is a land over which wind and water have played for centuries with no interruption from man on one side and comparatively few volcanic disturbances on the other. Although there are outcroppings of rock which have been pushed up through the earth by some subterranean force, like the two in "El Capitan," the main configuration of the land has taken shape gradually. The buttes and canons and mesas have grown old together and there is a feeling of consonance, of infinite relation between them. Such a picture as "Abandoned Stronghold" shows his response to this aspect of desert landscape. It passes on to the beholder the impression of harmony and structural unity. In "Towers de Chelly" the great pinnacle near the center, worn out slowly from the rest of the cliff, impresses one with a kind of cousinship to the greater mass from which it has split away. These subtle relations do not exist where volcanic action or sudden disturbances have altered and twisted the earth's surface. Cole's pictures have the mark of individuality that belongs to the artist who has gained a mastery over technical difficulties and has swung into his stride. He not only succeeds in giving us a vivid portrayal of a beautiful landscape but he has fixed in our memories his own individual manner and style. His pictures have introduced us to a country and to a painter as well.

HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Wyoming State Historical Department.

In the second biennial report of State Historian Eunice G. Anderson, of Wyoming, a strong plea is made for the creation of a state park to conserve the so-called "Spanish Diggings," a prehistoric work shop. A state appropriation of $20,000 is asked in the report, including $4,800 for the salary of the state historian, $1,800 for an assistant, and salaries for a compiler of a war history, two stenographers, a file clerk, an archaeologist and a care taker for the historical collections. The printed report covers 160 pages and is illustrated.

Papers by Reagan.

A. B. Reagan, a member of the New Mexico Archaeological Society, presented the following papers at the 38th annual meeting of the Indiana Academy of Science at Indianapolis: "The Southern Ute Indians of the Pine River Valley, Colorado," "Indian Funerals," and "Twinkling Star." The Museum Library is in receipt from Mr. Reagan of a copy of his monograph "Medicine Songs of a Georgia Farmer," recently published.

THE WAIL OF THE INDIAN

BY J. P. HARRINGTON

NOTHING is more certain than that all the Indian languages of North and South America are doomed to extinction within a comparatively short period. Both the history of linguistic replacement in the old world and the examination of the present status of American tongues bring this impending loss to the mind of the student in a startling manner. Just as Etruscan, Iapgian, Rhaetian,

Gallic, Hunnic, Gothic, Hebrew, Phoenician, Coptic, Guanche, Lycian, Lydian, Hittite, Phrygian, Thracian, Babylonian, and many other languages of genius and ancient heritage have become blotted out in the eastern hemisphere, in every case as a result of foreign pressure, so hundreds of Indian dialects are already today silent and lost, or at best survive only in musty vocabularies of misheard forms recorded by the extinction working white man. Many dialects are known at the present moment only to an individual or to a mere handful of individuals. There is many a tribe of considerable size whose older generation speaks Indian permeated with English or Spanish loan words, but whose younger generation uses the European tongue; there is many an Indian family in which the parents or grandparents ask a question in native American and the children answer in European. The speech of the largest and most compact tribes is fast crumbling and falling into disuse.

When an Indian's language goes his lore and arts go too, if they have not already flown before the language. The Indians point out clearly that the most powerful factor toward quenching their languages—more powerful and deep striking than whisky, European diseases or general contact with the whites—is the school. Indian schools are in many respects model institutions and it is unfortunate that they should have this disastrous effect on the native language.

The loss of an Indian language is a more serious matter than a non-student would imagine. An Indian language is the unconscious cumulative masterpiece of generation after generation of speakers who have been forming the language in America for probably 20,000 years or more, while a much longer line of earlier ancestors were forming it on the Asiatic side of Bering Strait. Because Indian languages are difficult to study it is not generally appreciated that every one of them is a temple not wrought by hands, an unparalleled development, a treasure house for the psychologist of the future.

An old Mohave Indian told me that when his tribe first saw the white people and learned that they had superior weapons, superior magic and were many, the overthrow and doom of the Mohaves was at once fully appreciated. The old Mohave chiefs of the fifties of the past century realized that those Mohaves who did not die of foreign diseases would lose their language, their knowledge and their arts, and would be taken into the white man's blood until the only trace of the Mohave will be an occasional dark complexioned white man. This seemed to them as bad as massacreing the whole tribe. The realization made a lump come in the throats of the old timers that was hard to swallow.

The day is not far distant when Indian songs will be found only on moldering phonograph records or in books, when Indian arts will be dead arts, when Indian stories are no longer told, when Indian ceremonies can only be imagined. And my Indian friends are right in saying that when the life of an Indian tribe is "preserved" by being written up by an ethnologist who in most instances can hardly understand a sentence of the language it is a very different thing from real preservation, from real living on. And in addition to all this, it is difficult for an ethnologist to get money for performing even this artificial preservation, this faulty and fragmentary recording. There are at present writing more students ready for this work than there is pay for. Yet there is the greatest need of haste. Each year's delay means still poorer and more fragmentary data at a greater expenditure of money and time.

We make reservations for preserving redwoods and bears. Why could not a locality be set aside for preserving just one tribe out of all those of the American continents with language and arts?

J. P. Harrington.
Bureau of American Ethnology,
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D. C.

THOSE DOOMED INDIAN DANCES

BY ALIDA SIMS MALKUS IN THE NEW YORK TIMES

ON such a morning as this there is being enacted among the aboriginal people of our Southwest an age old drama which may never again take place. As rosy tongues of flame shoot into the pale green sky of early dawn many animal forms are silhouetted for a moment on the crest of the hills shadowing a tiny mud village. You hear the bark of the coyote, the wolf's howl, the owl's hoot, and down into the plaza of Zia dart the fox and the deer and lumbers the bear, pursued by hunters who have been rounding up their game under cover of darkness. Out come the people with songs and dances to welcome them. The actors throw off their animal suits. For this is a hunt ceremony, such as has been held for centuries among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico.

This is a bit of the life of the Pueblos which before long is likely to be a thing of the past. Time is short for the spontaneous song and dance of the Indian.

We saw by chance the dance at Zia, dying pueblo of an ancient race. In this remote spot a doomed people enact the drama of their life cycle and follow it with a bit of gay foolery dancing all day, and such merriment and clowning as Chaplin might well see.

The white visitors have seats on the house top. Out come the Koshare, an order dedicated to "Delight Making," who alone can stir the undemonstrative Indian to laughter.

While two Koshare caricature the visitors with inimitable mimicry comes another with body painted bright orange and black, driving a companion who wears a burro head marvelously fashioned from clay and hair, and wags a stubborn tail. Burrito balks, permits his driver to mount, then patters off along a precipice trail at every turn of which he thrusts his head out over eternity. The watchers scream with laughter, the burro lies down in a puddle, and then follow some superscreen mud slinging and splashing.

No one person has ever seen all the dances nor ever will. Many of the great tribal ceremonies are extinct. At present these ceremonies attract yearly to the pueblos hundreds of visitors who find in the dances not only pageants of beauty, but an inexhaustible fund of material for study; study that reveals the continuity of human development through living representatives of a prehistoric race.

All Indian "dances" are ceremonies of a religious nature and cannot be described without reference to the life and beliefs of the Indian. Even the medicine dances, less frequent today than formerly, are deeply religious in significance. Coue like, Indian "medicine" may be applied not only to the sick but to any condition in need of remedy.

Although the Pueblos were converted to Catholicism by the Spanish padres, the inherited religion of the Indian is a pantheistic one, both complicated and beautiful, in which every force of nature is sentient and the succession of seasons, from seed planting to harvest, is observed and helped along with appropriate ceremonies. The existence of the Indian was absolutely dependent upon rainfall, good crops, and plenty of game in the winter.

Therefore the forces which controlled his life were beseeched in elaborate rituals in which all the people took part. The important events of the Indians' ex-

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istence are dramatized in highly symbolic ceremonies, which are an expression of all their great natural gifts of music, poetry, drama and decoration. This artistic expression lifts them out of the drudgery of life in an arid country, and they have made of their dances spectacles of unusual beauty and color.

Just before sunset one day during the latter part of August there is held among the Hopi Indians of New Mexico a dance which many white and Indian visitors travel far over the parched and painted desert to see. The Snake Dance, a rain ceremony, is the most celebrated and widely known of all the Pueblo Indian dances.

The exact date of the Snake Dance (never announced long beforehand) depends upon the conduct of the August moon. Usually it is held between August 18 and 25 at one of the five Hopi pueblos, Walpi, Oraibi and Mishongnovi. Preparations are going on for sixteen days before the dance, the Snake men rub their bodies with herbs, purify and prepare themselves. The priests hold secret ceremonies within the kivas, underground council rooms, and the men of the antelope clan practice their songs and dances.

Six days before the dance the snakes are caught. The runners leave the pueblo in the morning, and, going down into the desert search on the first day to the east, the second day to the north, then to the west and the south.

The snakes are cleansed in a bath before an altar in front of which is one of the beautiful sand paintings made on the earth by the Zuni, Navajo and Hopi Indians only. The snakes are hurled into a bed of sand to dry. Rough handling may have something to do with cowing the rattlers, as they are not robbed of their fangs and the dancers are rarely bitten. But when they are bitten they seem to suffer no ill effects.

The dance takes place in a court on one side of which is a steep cliff. A booth of boughs, where the snakes are kept in a sack, is built at one end; before this booth is a pit, "Shi-pa-pu," the black lake of the underworld, covered by boards upon which the dancers stamp.

Of the Snake priests there are seventeen and of the Antelope order twenty. A Snake dancer advances, receives from the booth a snake which he takes in his teeth and dances around the court accompanied by an Antelope, who tickles the head of the snake with a feather to distract its attention. Three-quarters of the way around the dancer spits out the snake on a pile of sand, after which he takes another reptile for a little airing. As each of the dancers follows closely in the same performance there is soon a writhing mass of snakes which are kept in order by the extra Antelope men. The snakes must be kept from coiling so that they will be unable to strike the onlookers, and at the same must be herded so that they cannot glide away.

The Snake men have their faces painted black to the mouth and white to the neck, their bodies a dark lake red. They wear skirts of fox skins, anklets of rattles and sacred twigs. The Antelope part-

ners are painted to contrast and to symbolize the animal they represent.

At the end of an hour the snakes are released, the dancers seizing as many as they can carry and running swiftly with them down the steep trail that leads to the desert below, where they are set free to return to the springs from which they came and replenish them with water.

The priests then advance to the edge of the cliff where they drink of a special brew prepared by an old priestess. Almost instantaneously the purpose of the drink, which is a fearful emetic, is accomplished.

In all Indian ceremonies the song is inseparable from the dance, both because of the meaning and for the rhythmic accompaniment. Every movement is made in exact time with the song and is executed with dramatic action and rhythmic precission. That abrupt stop in tempo, which is just a change of time, always comes unexpectedly to the ear of the white man, but the Indian never misses a beat. The ritualistic forms, the dances, the costumes, are handed down from one generation to the next by the shamans, or priests.

One of the most beautiful dances of the year is the Antelope, or Deer Dance, held the day after Christmas or thereabout by the Pueblos of Santo Domingo, Taos and a number of others. I saw my Deer Dance at Santo Domingo the day after Christmas, one of those clear, brilliant days of dazzling atmosphere so typical of the Southwest. Emerging from a little street of two story houses, the only spectators, we saw before us in the plaza a scene of brilliant and bewildering color and movement in which there must have been at least two hundred Indians taking part.

On a stage that dwarfs the Hippodrome it is as difficult to follow the performance as a three ring circus. At the north end the chorus was grouped, their song rising and swelling to drums and throbbing monotonously through the clear air as Indian chants always do. From where we stood we could not make out the costumes, but the great drums, three on each side, were strikingly decorated, and vivid banners, feather trimmed, floated in the air.

The dancers faced, men on one side, women on the other. With an apparently simple but really subtle step they move sidewise, feet shifting ever so slightly back and forth. Suddenly at the south end of the plaza a herd of deer and antelope are seen browsing and frisking so naturally that were their movements, too, not synchronized with the music they would be mistaken for real animals.

They wear an antlered head, their faces hidden by the muzzles, their deer skin covered bodies assume the barrel like form of the deer and they hold small pointed sticks for hoofs. Beautifully embroidered moccasins and leggins are worn and a finely woven apron. White feathers hang behind, startlingly like the soft white rump which the frightened antelope turns in flight.

Now the hunters advance brandishing sheaves of arrows and shouting "Ai, yai ai ai, ai-i-i" or the equivalent. They scintillate in the sun, and later I learned that they were sprinkled with mica found near by. In the afternoon comes the buffalo ceremony, where the dancers wear real buffalo heads. The wounded and slain animals fall limp and are dragged into the side streets where they lie until the drama is completed. No actor abandons his part. And that is one reason for the remarkable effect of the Indian dance. It is real drama, not a mere play to which admission is paid.

Charles F. Lummis, the well known authority on the Pueblo Indian, writing twenty years ago, described dances which may still be held but which no one has seen for many years—feats of jugglery and sleight of hand as thrilling as any East Indian feat.

The Fire Dance was, from accounts of eye witnesses, one of the most remarkable. On the last night of the ceremony

an enormous fire is kindled; round and round it run and leap the naked forms of the initiated. They leap through the flames and over them and emerge unscorched. The Chief Shaman not only swallows flames but thrusts burning brands down his throat. Lummis says no exhibition on any stage ever equaled it. Sword and feather swallowing, the making of full fledged thunder storms and lightning within the kiva have also been witnessed. Lummis tells of the growing of perfect stalk of corn, with ripened ear, within the kiva before his very eyes.

Midsummer brings the Corn Festival, held by almost all of the pueblos. It is an annual prayer for rain and is a favorite because of its beauty of coloring and arrangement. In contrast to the solitary pageant of Winter this is a crowded affair, with visiting Indians, and whites behind booths of evergreen, pop, "hot dogs."

From a vantage point on a roof the panorama is lovely. Down the plaza stretch two solid phalanxes of color, vibrant turquoise blue, vivid evergreen, the distinctive color scheme of the Corn Dance. The bodies of the men are painted gray, sometimes a bright blue, and about waists, knees, ankles and wrists are fringes of evergreen. The women wear head dresses of carved wood painted blue and decorated with symbolic designs. Their shiny hair is loose, their arms and one shoulder bare.

In and about the lines of dancers weave the Koshare, nimbler than any and provoking merriment with every grimace. When the tired dancers have plunged into the river the Koshare will trot out and amuse the audience. The Festival of the Corn lasts from morning till night, men and women dancing for hours under the hot sun. They sprinkle themselves with powdered rock, used for centuries to prevent perspiration.

Here is a song often sung at the Corn Dance, and translated by Natalie Curtis Burlin:

Yellow butterflies
Over the blossoming virgin corn,
With pollen painted faces,
Chase one another in brilliant array.

The Flute Dance, a prayer for water, is a joyous and attractive spectacle, as is the Tablita of Acoma. The Eagle Dance is a graceful exhibition in which the bird like motions of the dancers create an almost irresistible illusion. The Shalako of Zuni is unique as its messengers to the gods are very giants, wonderfully costumed and masked, who enter the pueblo with music and attendants.

San Geronimo, named for a Catholic saint, is held at Taos of the terraced houses every year on Sept 30. It is such a blithe and joyous celebration and the pueblo so attractive that it is always thronged with visitors. The fiesta begins in the evening with a service in the old Catholic church on the plaza. It continues in the morning with a procession in which the Virgin is carried about the plaza, coming to rest in a shrine of boughs.

Then there are relay races, classic Marathons; an old Shaman goes back and forth behind the runners tickling their heels with a feather to make them fleet.

In the spring of the year "secret" ceremonies are held in the hidden places of the mountains. There in some upland meadow, starred with a multitude of early flowers, unfolds a ceremony which goes back to the very founts of life. There the young are instructed in the mysteries of creation. But if any element less than reverence enters into what takes place there it is likely enough a taint brought in from outside civilization and not one conceived by the mind of the Indian.

COURSE IN MUSEUM TRAINING

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DESERT SUNRISE

Written for the Christian Science Monitor

THE first harsh chitter of rock wrens, faint and high,
Piercing the silence. Then paling stars
In the wrapt, wan waste of the sky,
And sudden silvering bars
Where the dawn tints lie.

Rocks grow brown in the grayness, and cactus limbs
Blur out their fruity blossoms like clots of flame.
The mesas gather a tinge of gold on their jagged rims;
Only the sleeping canons cradle the same
Night wraith shadows that day dims.

Out of the vast, still sand the sun's edge drifts,
Widens and rounds, and into the vibrant earth
And over the bulked brown rocks the color shifts,
Orange and opal; a swift, imperial birth,
Gracing the homage the cowering desert lifts.

—Rose Henderson.

I—Study of Specimens

1. Study of the material found in Museums of History, Science and Art. (a)Arranging, (b)classifying, (c)recording, (d)labeling (e)cataloguing.
2. Reading the best publications on the material studied.
3. Describing specimens and collections for cataloguing and reports.

II—Laboratory Work.

1. Preparation of specimens,cleaning, repairing, fumigation, sterilization, preservation.
2. Storage; of skins, furs, leather, textiles, pottery, wood-carvings, paintings, etc.
3. Modeling; relief maps, casts, replicas, life groups.
4. Photography: for record, display and publication, slide making, moving picture making.

III.—Office Work.

1. Filing, recording, correspondence, shipping, receiving, accounts, exchanges, etc.

IV—Field Work.

1. Equipment and conduct of expeditions; camp management and sanitation.
2. Acquisition of specimens by various means of collection.
3. Preservation of specimens in field; recording data; illustrating by drawings, photography, etc.

V—Exhibition.

1. Method of display used in the best museums.
2. Fundamental requirements of museum buildings and galleries.
3. Designing and construction of cases for efficiency of display and preservation of specimens from dust, insects, light and other destructive agencies.

VI—Library Work.

The Museum Library; scientific publications, exchanges, circulation of scien-

tific articles, photographs, maps, charts, slides, moving pictures and all methods of making the museum useful to teachers, students and general public.

VII—Supplementary Studies.

Course of lectures with required readings to meet the needs of each individual, such as Biology, Anthropology, Ethnology, Archaeology, Geology, Paleontology, History and Art.

The course will require from two to three years, according to the ability and previous preparation of students.

SCHOOLS OF THE INSTITUTE

Report to the Academy in Rome.

The annual report of the American Academy in Rome announces that the number of contributing members has been increased to 23 by the addition of Hunter and Vassar. A notable change has been made in the character of the competition in painting and sculpture. Under the new plan there are to be no formal competitions involving the execution of work on prescribed subjects but the appointments will be made by direct selection after a thorough investigation of the artistic ability and personal qualifications of the candidates who will be required to submit examples of their work and any other evidence that may assist the jury in making the awards. The Academy is desirous of undertaking some big general piece of work that will run through a number of years and the report says: "A thorough study of the ancient towns in Latium and Etruria as suggested in Professor Magoffin's report of 1921, is possibly the most practical work to embark upon under the circumstances." The financial report shows receipts of more than $90,000 during the year while the expenditures were a little more than $86,000. The assets of the Academy are given as almost $2,000,000 of which $619,000 are the value of real estate and equipment while $1,026,000 are invested.

School of Prehistoric Studies.

The preliminary report of the field work of the American School in France of Prehistoric Studies for the season of 1922 has just appeared. Six students completed the summer's work which consisted in excavations at the station of La-Quina and in attendance at lectures by Dr. Henri Martin, lecturer on Paleontology and by the Director Dr. Charles Peabody, on Prehistoric Archaeology. The excavations yielded numerous specimens, which were predominantly Mousterian, but also many Acheulian and Aurignacian objects were found. Excursions were made to Les Eyzies, and Teyjat, and also to the caves of Gargas, Mas d ' Azil, Tuc d' Audubert and Trois Freres in the Pyrenaean region.

School of Classical Studies.

At the American Academy in Rome, the School of Classical Studies will conduct a summer session July 9 to August 18. The work will be in charge of Professor Grant Showerman of the University of Wisconsin who is the present annual professor in the School and who has resided in Rome five years. The course will consist of three lectures a week on the history of Rome from its origin to the present time. The work will be of a grade to entitle it to credit to American Universities.

American School in France.

The American School in France will begin its third year's activities on July 1, in London, and will comprise the study of the original specimens relating to early man in the various museums of England, France, Belgium, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Croatia, Austria and Switzerland, and visits to such important sites as the Piltdown, La Quina, Dordogne, Mauer, Ehringsdorf, Brno, Krapina and others. Following this a site will be chosen in France where careful methods of excavation are to be taught and practiced. After the close of field work in October, opportunity for further study is to be giv-

en in Paris or elsewhere. Ales Hrdlicka, a member of the Managing Committee of the School of American Research, is the director and applications should be sent him before May 30. The conditions of affiliation with the school on the part of the students are good health and character, proper introduction, serious purpose and a spirit of earnest cooperation with the director. The students may be accepted for three, six, nine or twelve months. They pay nothing to the school or for field work but defray all their personal expenses.

Gifts, Bequests and Awards

Gift by Dr. Frank Springer.

The United States National Museum acknowledges another fine gift from Dr. Frank Springer, president of the Managing Committee of the School of American Research. It is the paleontological collection of the late Orestes H. St. John and goes to the department of geology of the Museum. The collection contains a large and valuable series of Selachian fishes including many type specimens, the most notable of these being a specimen from the coal measures of Kansas containing the complete dentition of a large shark of paleozoic time.

Discoveries by Guthe.

A Detroit alumnus of the University of Michigan has given $30,000 to pay the expenses of the archaeological expedition to the Philippines. Dr. Carl Guthe, a member of the Santa Fe Archaeological Society and formerly associated with Dr. A. V. Kidder in the excavations at Pecos, is in charge of the expedion and reports the discovery and excavation of more than a hundred caves in which were discovered many ancient implements and other remnants of an extinct civilization.

Royal Geographical Society Awards.

The Royal Geographical Society announces the following awards: Founders' Medal to Knud Rasmussen for his Arctic explorations; Patron's Medal to Miles Staniforth Cater Smith for his explorations in the interior of Papua; the Murchison Grant to Captain A. G. Stigand for his map of Ngamiland; the Back Grant to B. Glanvill Corney for his studies in the historical geography of the Pacific; the Cuthbert Peek Grant to R. A. Frazer and N. E. Odell for continuation of explorations of Spitzbergen; the Gill Memorial to Captain Augieros for his journey from Algiers to Mauritania.

The Hansen Prize.

The Danish trustees have awarded the Hansen prize for distinguished micro-biological work to Dr. J. E. Allen, director of the Marine Biological Association's laboratory at Plymouth, England.

Degree for N. H. Darton.

The University of Arizona has conferred the degree of Doctor of Science upon N. H. Darton, who has just completed two years of field work in Arizona preparatory to a geological map of that state.

Two Million Dollar Endowment Fund.

The $2,000,000 endowment fund for the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at the Johns Hopkins University has been completed.

Vetoes Appropriation because it Isn't Big Enough.

Governor Smith, of New York, vetoed the appropriation of $830,000 for a new plant industry research building at Cornell University with the explanation that a special bill carrying a larger sum would be passed later and have his approval.

Mary Ellis Bell Prize.

The first award of the Mary Ellis Bell Prize for the best undergraduate work in medical research at the University of Pennsylvania, was given to J. B. Barnwell and R. Lynch for their work on transplantation of islet tissue.

Conventions and Exhibitions

Art Federation Convention.

The convention of the American Federation of Art in St. Louis, May 23 to 26, should prove to be an important event, somewhat of a measure of the general interest in art throughout America. An excellent program of practical value has been arranged. The entertainment features will be noteworthy. The City Art Museum and the St. Louis Art Guilds will have special exhibitions and an excursion to view the mural paintings of the Capitol is being arranged.

Etchings Trace Rise in Power of Artist.

While we are still pondering on B. J. O. Nordfeldt's landscapes as seen in the Taos collection of the Trexel galleries, this artist's collection of prints has been brought to the shop of the Crafters company at 304 East Fourth Street for a run of two weeks. Here we can observe the development of Mr. Nordfeldt's art from the old order to the new. The collection comprises etchings, wash drawings and colored wood block prints. Mr. Nordfeldt has passed through the experimental stage in his wash drawings and wood block printing, for he is a consummate master in both of these branches, and his expression is extremely modern. His group of etchings finds him in that pause before what might be termed his evolution in the art of seeing things. In his etchings you see a man who has mastered the fundamentals and a practiced hand guided the brush that made these exquisite line drawings; an eye that knew the form well felt the significance of that beautiful nude. All of the prints, though in ways strikingly varied, have an appreciation for form and design.

There is an indescribable richness in his wash drawings, the subjects of which are found along the water front of San Francisco. It is quite a step from Mr. Nordfeldt's etchings to his black and white wash drawings, which, with a dozen or more colored wood block prints and lithographs comprise the most interesting show seen at the Crafters shop since the Bellows exhibition.

The development of Mr. Nordfeldt's wood block prints from the Japanese is clearly felt. He, like the Oriental, reduces nature to the terms of design and achieves beauty through the adaptability of single lines and masses. He has not carried conventionalism quite as far as the Orientals, but has certainly caught much of the spirit of the old, if extinct, art of the Japanese wood block artists. Whether the technique of the wood block has given him his new method matters little, for his prints possess so much vigor, beauty and imagination. In the dozen or more block prints which he shows it would be hard to decide which is the finer print. The texture of tone and color are amazingly beautiful.

(Signed) Mary L. Alexander.
In Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Smoky Valley.

That the work of Birger Sandzen is finding wider and wider acceptance is indicated by the recognition given him in eastern galleries and exhibits during the past winter. Doubly acceptable therefore is the recently published book of beautiful reproductions of a series of lithographs of The Smoky Valley in Kansas by Carl J. Smalley, which will be followed, we hope, by a similar artistic volume reproducing Mr. Sandzen's New Mexico and Colorado pictures. The sketchy introduction, mainly biographical, is an appreciation from the pen of Minna K. Powell. The Museum of New Mexico has among its treasured collections several fine paintings as well as copies of Sandzen's lithographs.